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A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF VERSE



ADA M. SKINNER and
FRANCES GILLESPIE WICKES



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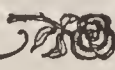
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A CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF VERSE

BOOK THREE



BY
ADA M. SKINNER 
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL
AND
FRANCES GILLESPIE WICKES
ST. AGATHA'S SCHOOL

Illustrated by MAUD S. FULLER
and MICHAEL PETERSHAM

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WHITE HORSES

I saw them plunging through the foam,
I saw them prancing up the shore —
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more !

In joy they leaped upon the land,
In joy they fled before the wind,
Prancing and plunging on they raced,
The huntsman raced behind.

When this old huntsman goes to sleep,
The horses live beneath the waves ;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
Deep in their sea green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout
Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
The great white horses flee !

To-day they plunged right through the foam,
To-day they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row,
And then a thousand more.

— HAMISH HENDRY.

THE WORLD OF WONDER

Heart free, hand free,
Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
Is a place of wonder.
Sunshine, moonshine,
Stars and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
Flowing, flowing, flowing.

— WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

GAELIC LULLABY

Hush ! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam ;
Father toils amid the din ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —
On they come, on they come !
Brother seeks the wandering sheep :
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps over the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam ;
Sister goes to seek the cows ;
But baby sleeps at home.

THE WINDY NIGHT

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
“Tu-who! tu-whit!”
They cry, and flit,
“Tu-whit! tu-who!” like the solemn owl!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That well-nigh shatter,
The dusky pane!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,

There are feet of air
On every stair —
Through every hall,
Through every gusty door,
There 's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival !

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell !
And make the vane
On the spire complain ;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell !
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell !

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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THE BROOK

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddy bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON THE DESERT

All around,
To the bound
Of the vast horizon's round,
All sand, sand, sand —
All burning, glaring sand —
On my camel's hump I ride,
As he sways from side to side,
With an awkward step of pride,
And his scraggy head uplifted, and his eye
So long and bland.

Naught is near,
In the blear
And the simmering atmosphere,
But the shadow on the sand,
The shadow of the camel on the sand ;
All alone as I ride
O'er the desert's ocean wide,
It is ever at my side ;
It haunts me, it pursues me, if I flee or if I stand.

Not a sound
All around
Save the paddled heat and bound
Of the camel on the sand
Of the feet of the camel on the sand.
Not a bird is in the air,
Though the sun, with burning stare,
Is prying everywhere,
O'er the yellow thirsty desert, so
Desolately grand.

— WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.



THE OWLET

When dusk is drowned in drowsy dreams,
And slow the hues of sunset die ;
When firefly and moth go by,
And in still streams the new moon seems
Another moon and sky :
Then from the hills there comes a cry,
The owlet's cry :
A shivering voice that sobs and screams,
With terror screams :—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?
Who rides through the dusk and dew,
With a pair of horns,
As thin as thorns,
And face a bubble-blue ?—
Who, who, who !
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?”

When night has dulled the lily's white,
And opened the moonflower's eyes ;
When pale mists rise and veil the skies,
And round the height in whispering flight
The night-wind sounds and sighs :
Then in the wood again it cries,
The owlet cries :

A shivering voice that calls in fright,
In maundering fright :—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?
Who walks with a shuffling shoe
’Mid the gusty trees,
With a face none sees,
And a form as ghostly, too ?—
Who, who, who !
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?”

When midnight leans a listening ear
And tinkles on her insect lutes ;
When ’mid the roots the cricket flutes,
And marsh and mere, now far, now near,
A jack o’ lantern foots :
Then o’er the pool again it hoots :
The owlet hoots :
A voice that shivers as with fear,
That cries with fear :—

“Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?
Who creeps with his glow-worm crew
Above the mire
With a corpse-like fire,
As only dead men do ?—
Who, who, who !
Who is it, who is it, who-o-o ?”

—MADISON CAWEIN.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat ;
The traveler stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold ;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold ;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
With roses in red thread worked up in her sails ;
With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of bucca-
neering,
Skins and musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.

— JOHN MASEFIELD.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN



Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee ! ”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee !”

Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee !”

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggart is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !

Chee, chee, chee !”

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee !”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee !”

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln ’s a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :

“ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee !”

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUT IN THE COLD

Out in the cold,
With a thin-worn fold
Of withered gold
Around her rolled,
Hangs in the air the weary moon.
She is old, old, old ;
And her bones all cold,
And her tales all told,
And her things all sold,
She has no breath to croon.

Like a castaway,
She is quite shut out !
She might call and shout
But no one about
Would ever call back, "Who 's there !"
There is never a hut
Not a door to shut,
Not a footpath or rut
Long road or short cut,
Leading to anywhere !

She is all alone
Like a dog-picked bone,
The poor old crone
She fain would groan,
But she cannot find the breath.

She once had a fire ;
But she built it no higher,
And only sat nigher
Till she saw it expire ;
And now she is cold as death.

She never will smile
All the lonesome while.
Oh, the mile after mile,
And never a stile !
And never a tree or a stone !
She has not a tear :
Afar and anear
It is all so drear,
But she does not care,
Her heart is as dry as a bone.

None to come near her !
No one to cheer her !
No one to jeer her !
No one to hear her !
Not a thing to lift and hold !
She is always awake
But her heart will not break :
She can only quake,
Shiver, and shake :
The old woman is very cold.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.



MILKING SONG

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.

“Cusha! Cusha!” all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song, —

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
“For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

—JEAN INGELOW.

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?
Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

— ANDREW LANG.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low long sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,

Fly.

— ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE GREEN GNOME

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rime! chime, rime! through dales and dells!
Rime, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rime, ring! over fields and fells!

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white as
milk,

My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of
dew;

My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I
went;

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me
peal and play,

Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek upon
his hand.

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and
bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white and set me on the
ground.

Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green
to see,

But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice — I could not stir or speak.

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice — but when he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, rime! chime, rime! through dales and dells!

Rime, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rime, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,

So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,

The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely man;

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he began
to speak :

“Oh, you have cast away the charm my stepdame
put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me
free.

Oh, I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk
with thee,

And, by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded
be !”

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I
behind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow,
in the wind ;

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was
high and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet
and loud,

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down
the fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the
bells.

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !

Chime, rime ! chime, rime ! through dales and dells !

Rime, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !

Chime, sing ! rime, ring ! over fields and fells !

— ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

“O for a soft and gentle wind !”
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners —
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

— ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHANTICLEER

Of all the birds from East to West
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay ;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day !

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold !
He calls through creeping mist
The mountains from the night and cold
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,
And calls the flowers to rise ;
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay ;
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day !

Black fear he sends it flying,
Black care he drives afar ;
And creeping shadows sighing
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest
Have dear and pleasant cheer,
But yet I hold the rarest
The farmyard Chanticleer.

Red cock or black cock,
Gold plume or white,
The flower of all the feathered flock,
He whistles back the light !

— KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

VERSE

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.

DAFFODIL

Who passes down the wintry street ?

Hey, ho, Daffodil !

A sudden flame of gold and sweet.

With sword of emerald girt so meet

And golden gay from head to feet.

How are you here this wintry day ?

Hey, ho, Daffodil !

Your radiant fellows yet delay.

No wind-flower dances scarlet gay,

Nor crocus flame lights up the way.

What land of cloth o' gold and green,

Hey, ho, Daffodil !

Cloth o' gold with the green between,

Was that you left but yestere'en

To light a gloomy world and mean ?

King trumpeter to Flora queen,

Hey, ho, Daffodil !

Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

— KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

THE PINE LADY

O have you seen the Pine Lady,
Or heard her how she sings ?
Have you heard her play
Your soul away
On a harp with moonbeam strings ?
In a palace all of the night-black pine
She hides like a queen all day,
Till a moonbeam knocks on her secret tree,
And she opens her door with a silver key
While the village clocks
Are striking bed
Nine times sleepily.

O come and hear the Pine Lady,
Up in the haunted wood !
The stars are rising, the moths are flitting,
The owls are calling,
The dew is falling ;
And, high in the boughs
Of her haunted house
The moon and she are sitting.

Out on the moor the night-jar drones
Rough-throated love,
The beetle comes
With his sudden drums
And many a silent unseen thing
Frightens your cheek with its ghostly wing ;

While there above,
In a palace builded of needles and cones,
The pine is telling the moon her love,
Telling her love on the moonbeam strings —
O have you seen the Pine Lady?
Or heard her how she sings!

— RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

SONG OF ILLYRIAN PEASANTS

Up, up, ye dames, ye lassies gay
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flock this morn
And scare the small birds from the corn
Not a soul at home may stay.
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse;
Find grandma out a sunny seat
With babe and lambkin at her feet
Not a soul at home may stay
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE OLD, OLD SONG

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ; —
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ; —
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among :
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands ;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SANDS OF DEE

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee !”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land ;
And never home came she.

Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, —
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

THE TIGER

Tiger ! tiger ! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb, make thee ?

Tiger ! tiger ! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

GHOST FAIRIES

When the open fire is lit,
 In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
 Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell,
 Tales of a forgotten race, —
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
 In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
 Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
 Living in the chimney flue.

“Once,” the fire said, “long ago,
 With the wind they used to rove,
Gypsy fairies, to and fro,
 Camping in the field and grove.

“Hither with the trees they came
 Hidden in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
 Often some of them appear.”

So I watch, and, sure enough,
 I can see the fairies! Then,
Suddenly there comes a puff —
 Whish! — and they are gone again!

— FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

KENTUCKY BABE

'Skeeters am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Sandman am a comin' to dis little coon of mine, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,

Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love :

Yo' is mighty lucky, *Babe of ol' Kentucky*, —

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,

Lay yo' kinky woolly head on yo' mammy's breast,

Um, — Um, — um, — um, —

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy 's in de cane brake wid his little dog and gun, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

'Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is
done, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Bogie man 'll catch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,

Waitin' jes' outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise,

Bes' be keepin' shady, Little colored lady, —

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

— RICHARD HENRY BUCK.

FAIRY DAWN

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell :
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elf
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell) —
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither, wing your way !
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

SONG OF THE ELF

When the poppies with their shield,
 Sentinel
Forest and the harvest fields,
 In the hill
Of a blossom, fair to see
There I stall the humble bee,
 My good stud ;
There I stable him and hold,
Harness him with fairy gold,

There I ease his burly back
Of the honey and its sack
Gathered from each bud.

Where the glowworm lights its lamp
There I lie ;

Where, above the grasses damp,
Moths go by ;

Now within the fussy brook,
Where the waters wind and crook
Round the rocks,

I go sailing down the gloom
Straddling on a wisp of broom,
Or, beneath the owlet moon,
Trip it to the cricket's tune
Tossing back my locks.

Ere the crowfoot on the lawn lifts its head,
Or the glowworm's light be gone

Dim and dead,
In a cobweb hammock deep
Twixt two ferns I swing and sleep
Hid away ;

Where the drowsy musk-rose blows
And a dreamy runnel flows
In the land of Faery,
Where no mortal thing can see
All the elfin day.

—MADISON CAWEIN.



SONG FOR MUSIC

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear, —
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipp'd in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dow'r —
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its pow'r !

— THOMAS HOOD.



THE FAIRY QUEEN

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be ;
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through keyholes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;

There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid ;
For we use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth is spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile
And so the time beguile ;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glowworm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

— *From* PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do not wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everiewhere, swifter than the moonè's
sphere ;

And I serve the Fairy Queen to dew her orbs upon
the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF OBERON, THE FAIRY KING

Toll the lilies' silver bells !
Oberon, the King, is dead !
In her grief the crimson rose
All her velvet leaves has shed.

Toll the lilies' silver bells !
Oberon is dead and gone !
He who looked an emperor
When his glow-worm crown was on.

Toll the lilies' silver bells !
Slay the dragonfly, his steed ;
Dig his grave within the ring
Of the mushrooms in the mead.

—G. W. THORNBURY.

VERSE

I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop, I pick a posy,
Do I stand and stare — all 's blue.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

— JOHN KEATS.



TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song :
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'r to be found again.

— ROBERT HERRICK.

DAISIES

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bob-o'-links rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood ;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well !"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good !"

— BLISS CARMAN.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
And she dances about the sun —
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole :
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yit.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht ;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,
He comes when the bairnies are gettin' aff their claes ;
To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye 'll see Daddy then ;
He 's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he 's fain ;
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

— JAMES FERGUSON.

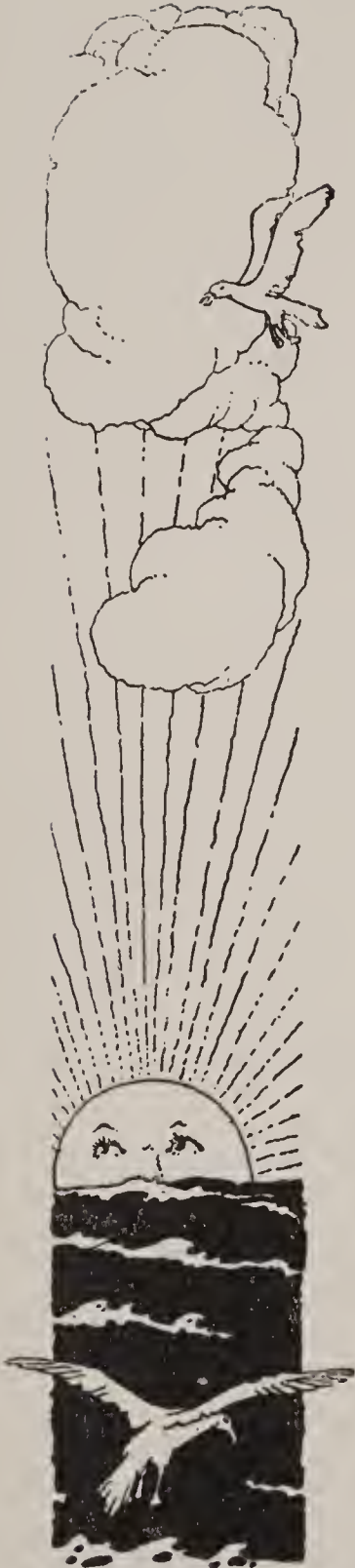
WEE DAVIE DAYLIGHT

Wee Davie Daylight
Keeks ower the sea
Early in the morning
Wi' a clear e'e ;
Waukens a' the birdies
That were sleepin' soun' —
Wee Davie Daylight
Is nae lazy loon.

Wee Davie Daylight
Glowers ower the hill,
Glints through the greenwood,
Dances on the rill ;
Smiles on the wee cot,
Shines on the ha' —
Wee Davie Daylight
Cheers the hearts o' a'.

Come, bonnie bairnie,
Come awa' to me ;
Cuddle in my bosie,
Sleep upon my knee ; —
Wee Davie Daylight
Noo has clos'd his e'e
In among the rosy clouds
Far ayont the sea.

— ROBERT TENNANT.



THE SEA

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea ! I 'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? *I shall ride and sleep.*

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

— BARRY CORNWALL.

OLD WINTER

Old Winter sad, in snow yclad,
Is making a doleful din ;
But let him howl till he crack his jowl,
We will not let him in.

Ay, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tinkling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and death
On herb and flower and tree ;
And brooks and ponds in crystal bonds
Bind fast, but what care we ?

Let him push at the door, — in the chimney roar,
And rattle the windowpane ;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his freezing tooth,
On our roof tiles, till he tire ;

But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before the blazing fire.

Come, lads, let 's sing, till the rafters ring ;
Come, push the can about ; —
From our snug fireside this Christmas-tide
We 'll keep old Winter out.

— THOMAS NOEL.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky
And the sudden flurry of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel
Saying, "Father, who makes the snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE UNBROKEN SONG

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men !

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DE SHEEPFOL'

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de' sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
“Is my sheep, is dey all come in? —
My sheep, is dey all come in?”

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd :
“Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,
And some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's,
Dat can't come home agin.

Dey 's some black sheep an' ol' wedda's,
But de res', dey 's all brung in,
De res', dey 's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof' "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof' "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

— SARAH PLATT GREENE.



MARCH

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window-sill !
Is it fairy gold ? Does it glitter still ?
Bless me ! it is but a daffodil !

And look at the crocus keeping tryst
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed.
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

And snowdrops' delicate fairy bells
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells ;
And the hyacinths wearing their perfumed spells !
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels !

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew ?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempest of fairies and rags to brew ?
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you !

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows !
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

— CELIA THAXTER.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

O, to be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

— ROBERT BROWNING.

VERSE

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across —
Violets were born.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greensward haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE HAG

The Hag is astride,
This night for a ride,
Her wild steed and she together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur ;
With a last of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischief by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon or night are found working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies
This night ; and, more for wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

— ROBERT HERRICK.

THE DUSTMAN

“Dustman, dustman !”
Through the deserted square he cries,
And babies put their rosy fists
Into their eyes.

There 's nothing out of No-man's-land
So drowsy since the world began,
As, “Dustman, dustman,
Dustman.”

He goes his village round at dusk
From door to door, from day to day ;
And when the children hear his step
They stop their play.

“Dustman, dustman !”
Far up the street he is descried,
And soberly the twilight games
Are laid aside.

“Dustman, dustman !”
There, Drowsyhead, the old refrain,
“Dustman, dustman !”
It goes again.

“Dustman, dustman !”
Hurry by and let me sleep.
When most I wish for you to come,
You always creep.

“Dustman, dustman !”
And when I want to play some more,
You never then are farther off
Than the next door.

“Dustman, dustman !”
He beckles down the echoing curb,
A step that neither hopes nor hates
Ever disturb.

“Dustman, dustman !”
He never varies from one pace,
And the monotony of time
Is in his face.

And some day, with more potent dust,
Brought from his home beyond the deep,
And gently scattered on our eyes,
We, too, shall sleep, —

Hearing the call we know so well
Fade swiftly out as it began,
“Dustman, dustman,
Dustman !”

— BLISS CARMAN.

CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din ;
O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father 's comin' in.
They never heed a word I speak ;
I try to gi'e a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps neist the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece" ;
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun' ;
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance —
He 's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
He 'd bother half the toon ;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
And as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gud?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' long since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An', as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that 's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

— ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PSALM XXIV

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

— *Bible.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF

Wee shallop of shimmering gold!
Slip down from your ways in the branches.
Some fairy will loosen your hold —
Wee shallop of shimmering gold.
Spill dew on your bows and unfold
Silk sails for the fairest of launches!
Wee shallop of shimmering gold,
Slip down from your ways in the branches.

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE

The Captain stood on the carronade — “First lieutenant,” says he,

“Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me,”

I have n’t the gift of the gab, my sons — because I ’m bred to the sea ;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with me.

Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I ’ve been to sea, I ’ve fought ’gainst every odds — but I ’ve gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don’t take *she*,

’T is a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* ; I have n’t the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun ;

If she ’s not mine in half an hour, I ’ll flog each mother’s son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I ’ve been to sea, I ’ve fought ’gainst every odds, and I ’ve gained the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes when the Frenchmen had enough.

“I little thought,” said he, “that your men were of such stuff.”

The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to he ;
I have n't the gift of the gab, Monsieur, but polite I wish
to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I 've been to
sea,
I 've fought 'gainst every odds, and I 've gained the
victory."

Our Captain sent for all of us, "My merry men,"
said he,
"I have n't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thank-
ful be ;
You 've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to
his gun ;
If you had n't, you villains, as sure as day, I 'd have
flogged each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I 'm at sea
I 'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I 'll gain the victory."

— FREDERICK MARRYAT.

THE WHALE

It was in the year of ninety-four, in March the twentieth
day,
Our gallant tars their anchors weighed, and for sea they
bore away,
 Brave boys,
And for sea they bore away.

Speedicut was our captain's name, our ship was the
Lyon bold,
And we had gone to sea, brave boys, to face the storm
and cold.

When that we came to the cold country
Where the frost and the snow did lie,
Where the frost and the snow, and the whale-fish so
blue and the daylight 's never gone,
Brave boys,
And the daylight 's never gone.

Our boatswain went to topmost high, with his spy-glass
in his hand,
"A whale, a whale, a whale," he did cry,
"And she blows at every span."

Our captain stood on the quarter deck, and a clever
little man was he,
Overhaul, overhaul, let the wind-tackle fall, and to
launch your boats so free,
Brave boys,
And to launch your boats so free.

There 's harpooneers, and line coilers, and line colecks
also ;
There 's boat-steerers and sailors brave ;
To the whale, to where she blows, to the whale, to where
she blows,
Brave boys,
To the whale, to where she blows.

We struck the whale and away she went, casts a flourish
with her tail,
But Oh, and alas, we've lost our man and we did not kill
the whale,
Brave boys,
And we did not kill that whale.

When that news to our captain it did come, a sorrowful
man was he,
For the losing of his prentice boy, and down his colors
drew he,
Brave boys,
And down his colors drew he.

Now, my lads, don't be amazed for the losing of one man,
For fortune, it will take its place, let a man do all he can,
Brave boys,
Let a man do all he can.





THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

Trample ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the gray ;
But pad ! pad ! pad ! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! rap ! the mettled gray ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on ! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool, —
Splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate, —
I saw them croop and tail.
To Salisbury town — but a mile of down ;
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolves' eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town !

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand :
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand ;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

— WALTER THORNBURY.

THE SALCOMBE SEAMAN'S FLAUNT TO THE PROUD PIRATE

A lofty ship from Salcombe came,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
She had golden trucks, that shone like flame,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“Masthead, masthead,” the captains hail,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
“Look out and round, d’ye see a sail ?”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“There ’s a ship that looms like Beachy Head,”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
“Her banner aloft it blows out red,”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“Oh, ship ahoy, and where do you steer ?”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
“Are you man-of-war, or privateer ?”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“I am neither one of the two,” said she,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
“I ’m a pirate, looking for my fee,”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“I ’m a jolly pirate, out for gold :”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;

“I will rummage through your after hold,”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

The grumbling guns they flashed and roared,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
Till the pirate’s masts went overboard,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

They fired shots till the pirate’s deck,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
Was blood and spars and broken wreck,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

“O do not haul the red flag down,”
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
“O keep all fast until we drown,”
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

They called for cans of wine, and drank,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
They sang their songs until she sank,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

Now let us brew good cans of flip,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
And drink a bowl to the Salcombe ship,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

And drink a bowl to the lad of fame,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
Who put the pirate ship to shame,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.

LORD LOVEL

Lord Lovel was standing at his stable door,
Combing his milk-white steed ;
And out came lady Nancybell,
To wish her lover good speed.

“Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel ?” she said,
“I pray you tell to me :”
“Oh, I am going a far journey,
Some strange countrie to see.”

“And when will you return, Lord Lovel ?” she said,
“I pray you tell to me.”
“Oh, I ’ll return in seven long years,
Fair Nancybell for to see.”

He had not been in merry England
A month but barely three,
When languishing thoughts came into his mind,
And Nancybell fain would he see.

So he rode and he rode along the highway
Till he came to yonder town ;
He heard the sound of a chapel bell,
And the ladies were mourning around

He asked them who it was that was dead,
And the ladies did him tell :
They said, "It is fair Nancybell,
She died for Lord Lovel."

The lid of the coffin he opened up,
The linens he folded down,
And now he kissed the pale, pale lips,
And the tears came trickling down.

"Oh, hast thou died, fair Nancybell,
Oh, hast thou died for me ?
Oh, hast thou died, fair Nancybell ?
Then I will die for thee !"

Lady Nancybell died, as it were, this day,
Lord Lovel, he died to-morrow.
Lady Nancybell died of pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel, he died of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was buried in St. Mary's church,
Lord Lovel in the choir,
And out of her breast there sprang a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's sweet-briar.

They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
And then they could grow no higher,
They grew till they made a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

— OLD BALLAD.

JANE JONES

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says "You must make it a rule
To study your lessons an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school.

Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
An' how he clum up to the top,
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmithing shop.

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!

Mebbe he did —

I dunno!

O' course what 's a keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

She said that Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full of ambition an' brains;

An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
An' see what he got for his pains!

He brought electricity out of the sky,

With a kite an' a bottle an' key,

An' we 're owing him more 'n any one else

For all the bright lights 'at we see.

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!

Mebbe he did —

I dunno!

O' course what 's allers been hinderin' me

Is not havin' any kite, lightning, er key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all
An' used to split rails when a boy ;
An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
An' lived way out in Ill'nois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
He stood on the side o' the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so !
Mebbe he did —
I dunno !
Still I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
An' all of 'em said 't was a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria, 'nd said,
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth !"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so !
Mebbe he did —
I dunno !
O' course that may be, but you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now !

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KING.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine :
“Oh, whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o’ mine ?”

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee :
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our King has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi’ his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem ;
The king’s daughter to Noroway,
’T is thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

“Oh, wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king of me,
To send us out at this time o’ year
To sail upon the sea ?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter to Noroway,
’T is we must bring her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud
And a’ our queenis fee.”

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie!

“For I brought as mickle white monie
As will gain my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o’ gude red goud
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“Mak’ ready, mak’ ready, my merry men a’!
Our gude ships sails the morn.”

“Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

“I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we ’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

“Oh, where will I get a gude sailor
To tak’ my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land ?”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship’s side,
But still the sea cam’ in.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands ;
But lang ere a’ the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But lang ere a’ the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans intill their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they 'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

—OLD BALLAD.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

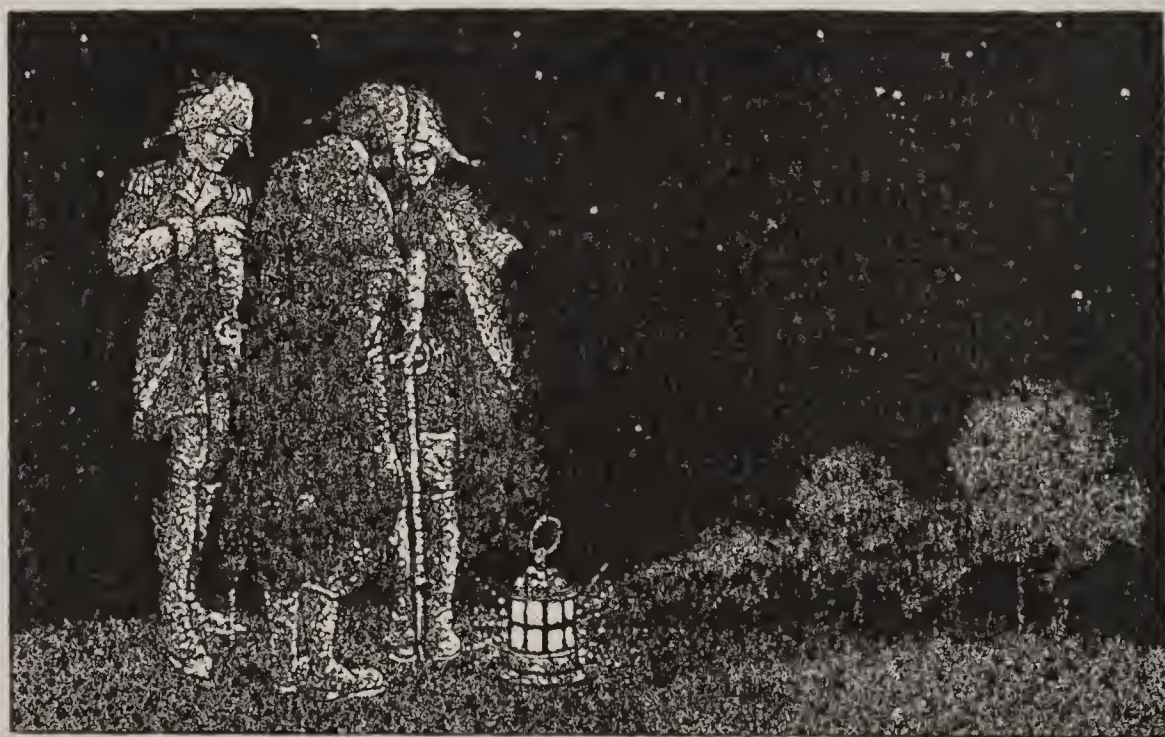
We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone in his glory !

— CHARLES WOLFE.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
“'T is clear,” cried they, “our Mayor 's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine

What 's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing !”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council ;
At length the Mayor broke silence :
“For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence !
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !”
Just as he said this what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
“Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what 's that ?”
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”

“Come in!” — the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in ;
There was no guessing his kith and kin :
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : “It ’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !”

He advanced to the council table :
And, “Please your honors,” said he, “I ’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?”
“One ? fifty thousand !” — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,

Wherein all plunged and perished !
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry

(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary :
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press’s gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks :
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ‘O rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said : ‘ Come, bore me !’
— I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !” — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guilders !”

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what ’s dead can’t come to life, I think.

So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !”

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
“No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I 've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

“How ?” cried the Mayor, “d' ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering.
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top !
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !”

When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast,
Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,

And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say, —
“It ’s dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can’t forget that I ’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me,
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed, and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings :
And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Whenever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six” :
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,

They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers !
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise !

—ROBERT BROWNING.

ALLEN-A-DALE

Allen-A-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side ;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game ;
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word,
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home ;
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still ;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone ;
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry ;
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BONNETS O' BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords o' Convention 't was Claver'se who
spoke,
'Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns to
be broke ;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee !

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can !
Come saddle your horses, and call out your men ;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee !

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat ;
But the provost, donce man, said, "Just e'en let him
be,
The Gude Town is well quit of that deil of Dundee !"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants o' grace they looked couthie and
slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee !

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass Market was
cramm'd,
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged ;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was
free
At the toss o' the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot o' the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or
three,
For the love o' the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,
“Where'er shall direct me the shade o' Montrose !
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth ;
If there ’s lords in the lowland, there ’s chiefs in the
north ;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry ‘Hey !’ for the bonnet o’ Bonnie Dundee.

“There ’s brass on the target of barken’d bull-hide,
There ’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss o’ the bonnet o’ Bonnie Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I ’ll couch with the fox :
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye have no seen the last o’ my Bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown.
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on.
Till, on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lea
Died away the wild war-notes o’ Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men ;
Come open your gates, and let me gang free,
For it ’s up with the bonnets o’ Bonnie Dundee.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

Upon the Lomonds, I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds, I lay, I lay,
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven
And saw three bonnie perches play,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho.

Great Argyle he goes before,
He makes his cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, fife and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho.

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho.



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

— ROBERT BURNS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

“Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
 Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse ;
 For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon ;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out ;

Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory.

When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
 The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince's child,
I was a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight ?
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,



Saw we old Hildebrand
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,
‘Death without quarter!’
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward !
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which to this very hour
 Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes ;
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful !

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,

Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl,
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! skoal ! ”
Thus the tale ended.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand,
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here.
The while the meat is a-shredding ;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that 's a-kneading.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green :

Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eyes on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land,
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock ;
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away,
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
“Margaret! Margaret!”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear;
Children’s voices, wild with pain —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way!
“Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall’d town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green
 sea ;
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves !"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

“The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;
Long prayers,” I said, “in the world they say ;
Come” ! I said ; and we rose through the surf in the
bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town ;
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folks at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :

“Margaret, hist ! come quick ; we are here !

Dear heart,” I said, “we are long alone :

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”

But, ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book !

Loud prays the priest : shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : “ O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! ”
And so she sings her fill.
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."
But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When springtides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed,
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside —
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley’d and thunder’d;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd ;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made !
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last
gleaming —

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
poses,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'T is the star-spangled banner; Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "*In God is our trust.*"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps,
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel :
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat :
Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said, "Good night !" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent

On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;

And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NATHAN HALE

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by ;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp ;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp ;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line ;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance ;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound !
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp, a spy hath found ;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod ;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God !
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree ;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty ;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn ;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of *Hale* shall burn.

— FRANCIS MILES FINCH.



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